

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

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VOLUME I.

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Choice Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

When, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The very life,
The heart that beats
So gently now,
O, where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and Form's sigh,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age,
And fiery youth;
And childhood, with
Its love of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea;
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?
We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And other men
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

FORGET NOT MY LOVE.

O! forget not my love, when thou dost roam,
With the strange, dreamy light in thy mountain blue eyes;
Let the thought of thy love be like a star,
Solace, lonely and lonely, in life's stormy skies.
Though the winds will wail around, or the stars shine above,
O! forget not my love—O! forget not my love!

When the sweetest deep sleep is bright in the West,
With the thought of thy love be like a star,
Solace, lonely and lonely, in life's stormy skies.
Though the winds will wail around, or the stars shine above,
O! forget not my love—O! forget not my love!

When the sweetest deep sleep is bright in the West,
With the thought of thy love be like a star,
Solace, lonely and lonely, in life's stormy skies.
Though the winds will wail around, or the stars shine above,
O! forget not my love—O! forget not my love!

Select Tale.

SALLY JONES.

Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever tumbled butter-milk in a churn; and whether or you saw her carrying eggs to market on the flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilt, or sitting demurely in the log meeting-house on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her, she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she had ever done before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the score of eighteen without an avowed suitor. Admires, nay, lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth got drunk because of her, and many a slyling bachelor would willingly have given his riding horse, or even his share in dad's farm, for her.

There was, indeed, no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed for once to be impressed with a proper sense of their own unworthiness.

Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was lovable.

Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly.

There was, as is so often the case, a pigeon, amiable as a turtle-dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dangled about her, twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but never saying a word to the purpose.

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year, when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, shrewdest, covetous, or uncharitable creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apples drop into them.

This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood, in winter, six feet two inches in his stockings; (in summer he didn't wear any.)

Sam was not handsome, in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth, and curly hair. His feet—out no matter—his usual bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than seven or eight.

Sam was a wagon-maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop, and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which seemed to him the reputation of independence. For the rest he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with the rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. He was the confidant of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge-hammer, he was acknowledged the cock of the walk, and peerless champion of the plowboy country.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time, at a quilting, and in sixty seconds afterwards, he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told.

Although Sally did resent the impudence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more genteel and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex.

Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her beau, and that was as often as she looked up.

As for Sam, the longer he gazed, the deeper he sunk in the mire of love, and by the end of the evening, his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed.

As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his throat was so swollen up that it closed his throat and he couldn't utter a word.

"What a damned, cursed sneak I was!" groaned Sam, as he turned to look at his sleeping pillow. "What's come over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty girl without a choking?" O, Lord! but she is too pretty for this earth. Well, I'm a goin' to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I go back, then that's that."

It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to the story of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiency of the day would be supplied by the morrow.

To-morrow came, and in due time, Mr. Bates, tricked off in a brand new twenty dollar suit of Jew's clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse, bedecked with a fair new leather bridle, and a new saddle with brass stirrups, look as gay as his master.

As they rode up to the meeting-house door, Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's admirers that stood round filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity.

Sally's face was rosy with pleasure and bashfulness.

"Stop a minute, now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift ye off!" Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting.

"Gosh dang the steerp!" exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the straps with his desperate kicks.

At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament.

The bystanders began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant. Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling, she handed her entrapped escort a token.

"Here, Sammy, chuck your foot out with this!"

Oh, Sally Jones! into what an error did your kind heart betray you to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county—admirers, rivals and all.

Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from his wearing tight boots.

"Whoa, dam ye!" cried he, losing all control of himself, and threatening to let his horse's brain out with a stone.

"Don't strike the critter, Sammy," said old Jones; "ye'll gin him the pol-evil. But jist let me on the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time."

In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet still fast in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in hot-hobles. With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them on again. The tender Sally stood by, all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church.

But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots and rode home in his stockings.

From this time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically he shut up shop and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor like a fool, but took to his axe, and cleared "don't know how many acres of rugged, heavily timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars.

Sally indignantly sent him drivers civil messages, intimating that she took no account of the little accident at the meeting-house; and at length ventured on a direct protest of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit with her own hands.

But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort to him in his self-imposed exile. In his bosom, and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he then draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye.

"Oh! Sally Jones, Sally Jones, had I only had the spark to have courted ye Saturday night, instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different!"

And then he would pick up his axe, and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commend Sukey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had anything further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing, as it were, hanks of grief as big as dumplings.

When everything was sold off, and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups, reclining on the grass, or seated on benches and dismantled furniture. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day, and the prospect of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cursed pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the country against her will.

"Hain't none of us sneaking whelps the spirit to stop her?" asked the white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near.

The louts snickered, turned over, whispered to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

The sun was declining in the West. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow the bells of Capacan Valley would be on her way to Missouri.

Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement—a step all determination. Arrived in the middle of the yard, she mopped the reversed apple-butter kettle.

"I don't want to go West—I don't want to leave Old Virginia—and I won't leave, if there is a man among ye that's got spunk enough to ask me to stay."

But where is southern chivalry? Withered beneath the sun's of cold-blooded malignity? choked by the maxims of dollar-jingling and prudence; distanced on the circular race-course of progress! bankrupt through the tricks of counterfeiting politicians!

Deluded quaker, no! Like a strong and generous lion, it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even apes may grince and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its tail with impunity; but give it a good hard poke, and you will hear a roar that will make the coward tremble and the brave prudent.

Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones.

Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat skins at a bacchanalian festival.

"Miss Sally, I axes you."

"Miss Sally, I spoke first."

"I bespeak her for my son Bill," squaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her arm.

To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown around her, and heard a stentorian voice shout:

"She's mine, by gawdy!"

Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain-field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home, driving his white cow before, and carrying his wife behind him.

FEARFUL JUDGMENT.—The Hollidaysburg Standard, of a late date, says:

"For some days past, there has been a singular story afloat in this community. Whether true or not, we are not prepared to say, but the information comes from such a reliable source, that we are free to say there must be something in it. It appears that one day last week a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntingdon county, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him, that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a wilful, malicious, and wicked manner, that it will not bear putting in print. He left the barn, and went to the house, where he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken."

"Thought," said he, "that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the judgment day." "It is now alleged that he is still sitting in the chair, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body. His family, it is said, has left the house, where he still remained, seated in the chair on Saturday last. What a terrible warning to blasphemers who suffer their passions to overweigh their judgment!"

KANSAS EMIGRATION.—The "hard times," says the Ohio Emigrant, "have not yet tended to stop emigration; we see pass through our streets almost daily, caravans of covered wagons containing the families and household goods of Marylanders, Virginians and others, who are on their way to Missouri, Kansas and the West."

Kansas is getting her full share of these emigrants—although perhaps the larger number come from New England and Pennsylvania, and a few from Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

A REQUIEM.

Breathe low, then gentle wind,
Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful life dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is woe
Henceforth to be!
That thou shouldst drop and die
At early morn!
While yet thy grateful dew
A joyful fragrance drove
From every flower that grew
Life's path along!
The green earth mourns for thee,
Those desert ones!
A plaintive tune is heard,
And flowers and leaflets stirred,
And every far-rite bird
Sings and laments!

Pale is thy brow, and dimmed
Thy sparkling eye!
Affection's sweetest token
Is lost forever, and broken!
The last kind word is spoken—
Why didst thou die!

Breathe low, then gentle wind,
Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful life dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is woe
Henceforth to be!

FREE STATE DELEGATE CONVENTION.

THE WHOLE TERRITORY REPRESENTED.

THE BOGUS CONSTITUTION REPUDED.

The Submission Swindle Denounced.

Topeka Constitution Re-Affirmed.

MORNING SESSION.

In pursuance of a call by the Chairman of the State and Territorial Executive Committee, the Delegate Convention assembled in Lawrence, and organized temporarily, by appointing Gov. W. Y. Roberts, Chairman, and S. F. Tappan, Secretary.

Gov. Roberts was enthusiastically received, and on taking the Chair, addressed to the Convention, a few well-timed and appropriate remarks, explanatory of the present exigency, in which it had been called together, and of the object of the call.

On motion, the delegates from each Senatorial district were requested to appoint one of their number to form a Committee on Credentials, and one of their number to form a Committee on Permanent Organization.

On motion, the Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Convention was called to order by the Chair, and the Committee on Credentials not being ready to report, Judge Wakefield was called upon to entertain the Convention, with a speech, which he did in his usual earnest and eloquent manner.

The Committee on Credentials reported through its Chairman, Mr. C. Vaughan, the names of members, which report was received and adopted on motion of Gen. Lane, that all delegates present in a Representative capacity be admitted as delegates, and that all others present, be invited to take part in the deliberations, but to have no voice in voting.

The Committee on Permanent Officers reported the following names of gentlemen for permanent officers:

President—Gov. Charles Robinson.
Vice Presidents—Messrs. W. Y. Roberts, J. B. Elliott, Orville Root, C. Graham, F. Adams, James Munroe, F. N. Blake, G. Seymour, J. A. Wakefield, P. H. Townsend, J. P. Greer, C. B. Lines, Dr. Gilchrist, B. W. Woodward, Dr. A. Huntington.

Secretaries—Messrs. W. A. Phillips, A. W. Tates, and E. G. Macy. Gov. Robinson took the Chair amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the whole audience.

On motion of Gen. Lane, Rev. S. Y. Lum was invited to open the Convention with prayer.

On motion, the President of the Convention appointed the following gentlemen, one from each Senatorial district a Committee on Resolutions.

James H. Lane, C. Vaughan, W. Y. Barr, H. J. Rymal, Dr. C. F. Kob, H. Evans, S. Westover, C. A. Foster, T. D. Thacher, G. W. Gillmore, C. K. Holliday, J. K. Goodwin, P. B. Plumb, G. S. Cayer, Dr. G. A. Cutler, and the Committee retired. Judge Johnson, upon invitation, addressed the Convention at length upon the past and present position of political affairs in Kansas. The Convention then adjourned till half past six, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was made, and accepted on motion of Mr. Foster of Ossawatimie.

WE, the people of Kansas, in Delegate Convention assembled, at Lawrence, this 2d day of December, 1857, do set forth the following to our fellow citizens, and the people of these United States.

Circumstances of an extraordinary character threaten to imperil the peace of this Territory, and to deprive a majority of our people of their rights as citizens of this republic to govern the same.

On the 30th of March, 1855, an armed force from Missouri, violently took possession of the polls in Kansas, and fraudulently elected a Territorial Legislature, with sentiments adverse to the opinions of a majority of the people, and enacted laws cruel and oppressive. A Legislature, composed in part of persons elected, as above, and of other persons elected in October, 1856, in like violent and fraudulent manner, and under degrading test oaths exacted by the previous body, passed an act for the creation of a Constitutional Convention under a partial party registration and apportionment, and in the election of members to said Constitutional Convention, the law providing for the same was never complied with in many important and essential particulars, especially in taking a complete

census of the people, and registry of the voters of the Territory, fifteen entire counties being totally disfranchised, and many voters in the other counties left off. The Convention that assembled in Leecompton, in September last, thus elected, have proceeded to frame a Constitution for the State of Kansas, in defiance of the fact that they by their own record, represented a small minority of the people of this Territory, being only seventeen hundred out of twenty thousand voters, conceded to be in the Territory; that their proceedings were protested against by the people on the ground of illegality and unfairness, and that the presence of a portion of the United States army was necessary to protect them during their sittings, against the indignation of an outraged people. In the face of these facts they refused to submit the instrument they had thus framed to a vote of the people for ratification or rejection. They provided for a swindle, styled by them an election, in which neither the Constitution, nor any material part thereof, can be elected or rejected. They have, pending this action, provided for a State election on the first Monday of January next, under said instrument, and under the authority of a usurping regency, unknown to constitutional authority, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, the design of the same being to rob from the people of Kansas their rights, as secured through the ballot-box in October last, and destroy the only legitimate Territorial Legislative body ever in Kansas. This dangerous assumption of power calls for a prompt and efficient remedy from the people, the only legitimate source of power; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That we utterly repudiate said Constitution, framed at Leecompton, that it is an instrument hostile to the popular will, and appealing to the God of justice and humanity for the rectitude of our intentions, we do solemnly enter into a league and covenant with each other, that we shall never, under any circumstances, permit the said Constitution, so framed, and not submitted, to be the organic law for the State of Kansas, but do pledge our lives, our fortunes and sacred honors in ceaseless hostility to the same.

Resolved, 2d, That we denounce the so-called election of December 21st, as a swindle, and the election of January 4th, 1858, as a crime and a misdemeanor against the peace of this Territory, and the will of the majority.

Resolved, 3d, That the Legislature elected in this Territory on the 5th day of October, 1857, is the only legitimate law-making body that has ever been elected for the Territory of Kansas, and that its functions shall not be suspended by any Constitution or State Government, until a fair and impartial vote shall be had on the same.

Resolved, 4th, That this Delegate Convention do hereby re-affirm the Constitution known as the Topeka Constitution, and do declare it to represent the wishes of the majority of the people of Kansas to-day, and that when it shall have again received the popular sanction, under authority of the only legitimate Territorial Legislature ever convened in Kansas Territory, recognized by the authority of the United States, we shall maintain it against all opposition.

Resolved, 5th, That, looking chiefly to the above end, we respectfully memorialize the Territorial Legislature, about to convene an extra session on the 7th inst., to frame a fair and impartial election law, and that they, under it, do submit the two Constitutions—the people's Constitution, framed at Topeka, and the Constitution, framed at Leecompton—to a vote of the people of this Territory, and that the said Legislature provide that the Constitution which shall receive a majority of all the legal votes shall become the fundamental law for the State of Kansas.

Motions were made in different parts of the hall, to pass the resolutions by acclamation, and the question was put and carried by giving nine enthusiastic cheers for the resolutions.

Gen. Lane made a stirring and eloquent speech—one of his very best.

A motion was then made that all the delegates be requested to sign the resolutions, which was carried.

Judge Conway was called, and spoke briefly. He endorsed the resolutions.

Dr. Davis was called for, and spoke at some length, commending the official action of Gov. Walker in several instances; but disclaiming any fraternity with the Democratic party.

Mr. Wm. A. Phillips next responded to the calls of the Convention in a short speech, and closed by offering the following resolution, which, on motion, was adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention do express its approbation of the act of Hon. F. P. Stanton, Acting Governor of Kansas Territory, in convening a special session of the Territorial Legislature in this emergency, and that we thank him for this expression in favor of securing the public peace and the rights of the people.

C. Vaughan, Esq., was next called. He spoke openly, and assured the Convention that the Leavenworth delegation would be found true to the position taken in the resolutions adopted.

Dr. Kob, of the Kansas Zeitung, responded in a pointed and witty speech.

Miles Moore, of Leavenworth, next spoke. As a contesting member from the seventeenth district, for a seat in the Territorial Legislature, he assured the Convention of his adherence to the resolutions.

Mr. Chas. Foster, of Ossawatimie, was called, and gave assurance that the people south of the Santa Fe road, were now, as ever, awake to the responsible issues before them.

T. D. Thacher, in response to the call of the Convention, made an eloquent speech, which was well received.

James Redpath was called. He had just been travelling in Missouri, and was tired, but kept the Convention in a roar of laughter for twenty minutes with his sharp sallies.

Gen. Lane moved that when this Convention adjourns, it adjourn until Monday next, at 10 o'clock, to meet at Leecompton, and that this Convention be subject to the call of the Chairman of the Territorial Executive Committee; which motion was adopted.

Mr. John McKay, of Wyandott, was next called. He was glad the resolutions had been passed.

ed, in the unanimous manner in which they had. He thought there was yet work to do by the Free State men of Kansas, but believed the people were prepared for it.

Mr. Barr, of Iowa Point, was next called—He said that the section which he represented, was the next worst place to Atchison, but he said that it was improving. He wanted each delegate to be authorized to go home to his constituents, to rouse them to action on this point.

Mr. Barr closed with the following resolution. Resolved, That the Delegates to the Convention be requested to call meetings in each precinct, and report to their constituents the action of this Convention—carried.

On motion of Gen. Lane, a Committee of four was appointed to proceed to Leecompton, and adjourn the Mass Convention to be convened there to-morrow, until the 7th inst.

Messrs. Walker, Day, Gillmore, and Yates, were appointed said Committee.

Mr. J. Kendall, of Leavenworth, moved that all the editors in this Territory, be requested to publish the proceedings of this Convention.

On motion of Mr. Redpath, a committee of three was appointed to wait on Gov. Stanton, and tender the thanks in accordance with a previous resolution.

Messrs. Redpath, Boardman and Phillips were appointed said committee.

On motion, Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the President and officers for the impartial and dignified manner in which they have discharged their arduous duties—carried.

The Convention adjourned with three cheers. CHARLES ROBINSON, President.

WM. A. PHILLIPS, E. G. MACY, and A. W. TATES, Secretaries.

Kansas and the Political Sentiments of its Citizens.

The Kansas correspondent of Cincinnati Times, in a recent letter, makes the following remarks respecting the real political sentiments of the citizens of that Territory. They but corroborate what was said some months ago by a distinguished Southerner, who traveled through the Territory, and who, in a letter to the Charleston Mercury, said that land speculation would make Kansas a free State:

"I desire to correct an impression which prevails in the States, that the 'Republicans' have carried Kansas."

"There is no such party here and never has been! Two-thirds of the votes given for the Free State ticket in the recent election were polled by men who were bitterly opposed, both to the principles and the policy of the Republican party—I am happy to say that there is, at this moment, a large number of real Simon-Pure Americans in Kansas Territory; and I have yet to find one single American, whether from the North or the South, who did not, in the recent election, 'go his whole length'—to use a popular phrase—for the entire Free State ticket. A large number of 'dyed-in-the-wool Democrats' also gave their votes and energies for the success of the Free State ticket. These facts are incontrovertible. The question now arises: Why did men of such widely different political sentiments act together upon this occasion? The reason is obvious. These men have their all invested in Kansas, and depended, to a great degree, for success upon their immigration next spring."

The first law of human nature is self-interest. Every rational man in Kansas knew perfectly well that if the Democratic ticket succeeded at this period of our history, it would be heartily throughout the length and breadth of the land as a pro-slavery victory, and that such an impression could not be easily eradicated, and that it would almost entirely check immigration—Whereas, on the other hand, if the Free State ticket was victorious—as it certainly is—the immigration into Kansas next spring, from the States, would be immense—indeed without a single parallel in the history of the settlement of new countries! These truths are verified by the immense increase in immigration since the election. Every boat up the river is crowded to its utmost capacity with persons and families intending to settle in Kansas. The hotels in this city are literally crammed."

THE FERRY BORDER.—Democrats are now earnestly fixing their attention on the remote counties of Minnesota, to save their ticket in that incipient State. So far as definitely heard from, the Republicans are several hundred ahead—Experience certainly justifies the confidence of the Democracy in the borders, and the returns from that region are coming in accordingly. On this view of the case, the Chicago Tribune remarks:

"Henry Ward Beecher says that the march of civilization bears hell on its outer edge. We are reminded of this by the vote cast at the recent elections on the confines of Iowa and Minnesota. Throughout the undiscovered portion of Iowa, and along the outskirts of Minnesota, where the Indians prevail over the country, and whiskey prevails over the Indians, the sham Democracy have achieved signal triumphs. A frontier town, made up of a hundred Sioux or Blackfeet, and a dozen white men, whose occupation is to keep the 'natives' dead drunk, and themselves moderately so, will not fail to bring in a Democratic majority equal to the emergency, in any important election."

Whenever Gen. Pillow, in traveling upon the Western rivers, after his return from Mexico, was about meeting a steamboat or coming to a city or town, he invariably put on the military coat in which he had been wounded, so as to receive in the most appropriate costume the expected admiration and cheers of his countrymen.

F. J. Stratton, a pawn-broker of this city, was arrested on Friday on a charge of perjury, and held to bail in open court, in the sum of \$1,000. His attorneys, Messrs. Ellsworth & Collier, intend to press the case to an early trial at the present session of the Circuit Court.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Forney's Press on Kansas Affairs.

SUBMISSION OF THE KANSAS CONSTITUTION TO THE PEOPLE.—The Northern Democracy, and, we believe, the great mass of the party everywhere, maintain that any Constitution which shall be framed by the sitting Convention in Kansas, shall be referred for approval or rejection, to an honest vote of the people. No party can stand on any other platform. It is the honest way, the right way, and the only way left, by which we can manage territorial affairs, North or South.

Opposition to it is opposition to our whole scheme of self-government—to the theory, practice, and tradition of our countrymen—to the declarations of the Democratic Party, its men and its candidates. Col. Davis and Senator Hunter have no more power to alter this law of American politics than to reverse the laws of gravitation. It involves a principle which exists, operates and controls our affairs, independent of Federal institutions; it is simply the right of the people to govern themselves. To question this right is almost absurd; to attempt its overthrow for the accomplishment of ulterior purposes, must be regarded as involving a sacrifice of principle and abandonment of the great doctrines of our Democratic system.